Fort Hill Sidmouth
June 3rd 35

Fearing this Account has escaped your notice, we venture to ask the favour of a remittance.

(93371)

What insolence. give it us, go on or if not the solicitors will be down on you trackque without more ceremony.

Dearest Rene I was pleased to hear from you. I have wondered like anything how you are both here. I also had letter from Burns this AM. Poor Joan give her a lot of love from me – I did think that infernal war would be over before the end of May. – It must be awful waiting long. I do think it is a nice place – but I'm as tired sitting as many women of mine there to their [illegible] + there. My poor parents have been having a holiday at Littlehampton + Bognor + I was expecting my mother & Ted when she arrived in Brockley – I do think it hard for them to have so little holiday.

Wednesday – I was expecting my mother & Ted when she arrived in Brockley – I do think it hard for them to have so little holiday.

Beastly weather, is loathsome. You get on the upward trackque but I'm come down again very rapidly. I am not the lazy to replete with Welsh frog over me. just before lunch. this doctor says rest half an hour before lunch, it is a good thing + much better than rest after lunch.

After lunch just come to from a snooze off – What doc you mean not get to sleep after lunch these doctors aren't you I feel very much better for that oblivious – but have a head ache all the same. this so call June

is not much to speak of I do think.
Where is this high summer, great coats left
at Q.M. stores, transparant frocks, nicquors
& co – & balmy breezes – I have not
noticed them. We parade in ruffles &
great coats mostly still. Well not my
thick brown great coat but a funny little grey
shiny one that Jim gave me some time ago.
It's really an old gentleman's coat & makes me look
very odd but I rather like it. I wd have it
let out it was so tight. It just reaches
the knee. Of course I'm absolutely broke
with these vast hotel expenses & no seaside trip
after all – I see no end to it.
I don't really see much differance, well yes
I suppose I've been better – & certainly
physically better – but it is such a
vile life doing no work – & with
so much I wanted do. Blugger.
The book seems out of the question. –
Or was my great hope that [redacted]
at least, I might, by going carefully
get through the part I brought with
me – let not a line hardly have
I been able to correct. Sorry Hartland.
Sorry did not mean to complain
or write a minute – 'Cheeroes
I did love about old ~~Bull~~ Bunyan
(as sushicious Welsh Crosby name I might say).

the bit you write is quite like the sailor
is it it — I speak on seeing things in
the paper. or hear people says things that
are absolute) sailor — the old priest
at the Convent often does a bit of Solly &
Sailor & Coles Combined
as "I notice there are some new faces
in the pews well now I don't want to be
always remarking on this (so called) choir
but I think he obliged if there new
ones would sing not clear in the creeds.
he all join in — if you cant sing, why
I think like it all the more — make
some tyke of noise it will please allright
God fear better than these high class
musics, as Gounod, Mozart & Co!"
I go up & see Kit Dawson little girl
at the convent on Saturday or sunday
& talk to them in the nuns parlour.
Is Bernard at Pigott's or has he too gone
to Kilkenny — quite a huge family part
there. I saw a nice joke in that
horrible paper called the Humorist that
I found in a pub — it was reprinted
in a German paper — a chap in bed
with his head at the foot of the bed.
~~If~~ this wife, in the morning saying, why are you
sleeping the wrong way up? — & the man
saying — Ha! I thought I had a headache
it must be my corns. — jolly nice.

must go & get Wellies to get my two
blooze tea up. bring along the billy-kin
little extra sergeant blooze been running all
the fucking afternoon – & tried off for rations at
6.30. why cant no 3 do rations – went on
last night. – all right all right 'its' rations or
Mr. Smith's patrol. which you bloody like.
Allright – creep away with billy-kin into corner.
I showed Dawson my printed bit di. of
book. Just quite knew what he made of it
he seems to think that all modern efforts
at creative work, by being cut off from "our
Culture tradition" are necessarily in the void.
– I don't mean he says this hostilely – far from it,
– but – well its no use saying fuck –
its the old thing we have so often discussed
that is, we all know the difficulties
~~[illegible]~~ – are they insurmountable that
what is comes to. – I still cling,
however vaguely, to the idea that if
you make a living thing with words that
really corresponds to something you have really
achieved – (oh bugger why have I got into
this awful stuff!) there some chap
somewhere at some time will understand.
& its worth which & first class & printed
'in the void' or no..
I did enjoy his being here thank one

talks for hours about Welsh stuff. & Cathedral stuff & everything. He is a terrifically nice fellow. Glad you like Bernard Hall. I haven't seen him for ages — I always used to like him — & young Barbara — I always thought her beautiful in a kind of way. I wonder she too has changed a lot since I used to meet her with Nicky — why that must be back in '30 '31 for my soul. We didn't know what was blowing up then. Why you could go & back or move & nothing moved come over. — Perhaps a couple of days at dusk. — So young Bernard has a little hall of Barbaria — do you think I've not read her book yet — is it worth it? — Barbara, the name, always reminds me of old Coles & Miss Ettage her name was Barbara. Well now Miss Ettage I like you don't think of us come here & have a high old time, the study of art requires very considerable detachment from certain types of nonsense that I'm very much afraid are all too prevalent* in this school. Especially among some of you young ladies —

poor old Wigger he's dead — God keep his soul he's provided us with a whole book of laughter. Think

* Can't spell it. — I've said it's easy enough.

will close this letter right soon & put him
It was lovely hearing your voice on the phone
the other night. I still am uncertain as
to my immediate movement — I'll let you
know when I know. In Friday's last
letter she had been to the 'Magic Flute'
& it was absolutely glorious — you knew
of the Jewish Mozart Festival — I would
have loved to have gone to Hammersmith also
to have heard the 'Flute' last. I got
not so well & worried about going until
Saturday & all the usual misery & some over
I dry more.* so I is here still —
the alright really — If I had stuck
to my guns I don't think I should
miss by here on the whole as all
this & everything is so much a matter of how you
feel — Well it's now 5.30 —
& Wellies has brought tea I will
drink it down & go out & put this
part worry about me — Give lots
of love to Joan & I do hope
she is not too uncomfortable
depressed or anything — look after you
selves — the lord knows when I
shall see you — write when you can
I wish the phone wasn't so expensive
God bless you darling Darling

* and I felt pretty tired of hearing a chap crying & some over dead.